

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Silver Spring, Florida.

The Silver Spring is situated one degree west of longitude five, west of Washington, latitude 29. It is surrounded by a dense hammock, drooping with long gray moss—creating in the mind of the observer the sensation of mourning rather than delight.

What a store of the beautiful, the magnificent, the sublime, are composed in so small a bound. Well might the astronomer imagine himself taking a flight in an aerial car, viewing the fixed stars of the solar system, when he holds the dazzling spots in the bottom—well might he conjecture himself reclining on the pinions of numerous rain-bows, grasping at a multiplicity of scaly owners that infest the dazzling green sward and transparent element above.

Faintly upon this darksome earth, Some lingering hope and light are given: Some spots where beauty, love and truth, Reveal their form and glow of heaven!

And as we tread beneath the dust, A thousand marks, to us unknown, Of human hope, and love, and trust, Like seeds upon the billows thrown, Their quiet traces round us lie; And in the earth, and sea, and sky, Bearing the stamps upon their brow,

Some trampled fount beneath the shade, The murmur of whose gentle wave, Hath mingled oft in times long fled, With tales of love long in the grave! Some mouldering walls with moss o'er-grown, And ivy wreaths entwined around,

How many eyes have fondly gazed Upon those quiet scenes above! Up to whose lights our hearts are raised, When'er their pulse o'erflows with love! How many souls with kindred glow, Have lingered at the sunset hour,

Enraptured by those hues which now Inspire our hearts and make them pure. How many beings of life who trod The earth untoured, and so perished, Hath felt, adored their unknown God, Through hopes by us still fondly cherished!

Through love or hope in some bright home; Thus in some distant realm of light, All human hearts are sure to come. Thus do the past and present meet; Thus do our souls hold converse sweet; And mingling in one living spirit, With love and truth one home inherit.

Nations have passed away, and left Ruins to mark where once they stood; And pomp and power are now bereft Of thrones whose seats were bought with blood. A column lone—a crumbled wall—Temples o'ergrown with dust and age, Are all that mark the rise and fall—The useless strength and fiery rage—Of nations that have ceased for ever, On earth their dark and fierce career. One humble race before us now, Is passing from its home on earth—Behold them, as with darkened brow, And saddened hearts they issue forth! No columned pile—no chiselled fame—No classic lore—no fiery lays—Are left to tell where they have been. They and their name will pass away—The silent mounds are all their past, Holding the dust they mourn to leave—The forest trees, now falling fast, Are all the monuments they have.

Still undisturbed by trace of man Slumbers the quiet Silver Spring; More like a breathing fairy scene, Than aught where foot of man hath been—More like a spot where nature's face, Reflected glows with added grace—More like a gem from heavenly fingers, Where all the light of beauty lingers. The forms that suddenly intrude Upon that lovely solitude, Start back amazed, breathless, spell-bound, Least their own tread's intrusive sound, Call forth the spirit of the deep. From their unholy steps to keep, That sacred scene, where naught of earth—No erring child of mortal birth—Should e'er appear—that gleaming deep, Where heaven's light seems ne'er to sleep. The boughs that hang above its breast, Wave like a rich green curtain there; Or bathe their leaves in languid rest, And woe no more the absent air. Deep, deep beneath, the eye beholds A forest green, its leafy folds Swaying before the gushing streams, That shoot like radiant arrowy beams, Of silver light from chasms vast, Where gaping mouths and hidden caves, Their huge and solemn shadows cast In vain to reach the upper ways. And whirling shells and pebbles bright, That form those searchless depths are driven—Rejoicing in their home of light, Take all the rainbow hues of heaven. Glowing with light, the rocks beneath, Like burnished plates of silver shine, And each within an emerald wreath, Seems like some Naiad's sacred shrine. The birds that carol o'er the spring, As joyously their songs they sing, Behold within that mirror bright, Their own soft plumage bathed in light; And dreaming that the absent mate, Hath found beneath another sky, Sing o'er their love songs long and late. To call him to the nestling tree, No eye hath seen—no heart hath dreamed—Of spot more bright, more pure than this, From nature's face if love e'er beamed, 'Tis here she prints her warmest kiss. And this was once the Indian's home, Where he was wont to worship love; Here dreamed he of those joys to come, In the great spirit's fields above. And here beheld the opening way, To bliss that ne'er should pass away; And here in chants at morn and even, Sang praises to the spirit's birth—Deeming the scene less bright than heaven; But far too bright and pure for earth. Long did the Indian gray-haired sire, Rehearse around their social fires, A legend strange that marked this spot, Which, as they deemed, foretold their lot; How when the red and white man met, The spirit warned them of their fate. (To be continued.)

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of similar circumstances, would have brought a higher one. To maintain that short crops cause low prices, is to maintain that corn would be now worth one dollar per bushel, if every corn-crib in the land were bursting with corn.—Cor. Soil of the South.

Culture of Corn.

As the time for planting corn is now at hand, and as all know our country has seldom, if ever, been in a worse fix for provisions, I think behooves every planter to put forth all the energy and skill he may possess to try once more to fill up the empty corn houses that present themselves at every plantation we have any knowledge of.

I have concluded to give to your readers my plan of planting and cultivating corn, (provided you think it worth a place in your paper.) My field of operations has been in Middle Georgia, and for the last twenty-one years in Monroe county, in the red, stiff, hilly lands.

As all of our hilly land should be planted in drills, I shall say nothing about corn in the hill or check.

I commence by running rows on our average quality lands, about six feet wide; this should be done with a coultor pull put in as deep as a strong mule can pull; following in the same furrow with a common sized shovel. Drop the corn two feet apart; a good guide is the track of the plowman; following with cotton seed that have been heated just enough to prevent them from sprouting; putting in the drill about three times as many as you would sow for the purpose of planting to get a stand of cotton; following with a coultor, running one furrow on each side; this will cover the corn just deep enough without scraping off. Plow out the middle as you plant, breaking them very deep with a good square pointed scouler or coultor. So soon as the corn has some four blades, run the coultors round as close and deep as possible—following with hoes, thinning out to one stalk, and putting fresh dirt to the little corn. The middle now should be plowed with small shovels or large scooters, according to the condition and kind of land. In about twenty days give another good plowing—leaving the last or middle furrow. The ridge should be split by the best plowers—at the same time drilling my peas in this furrow; following by the best plowers. One furrow will be sufficient to cover the peas. This mode of planting peas will insure a good crop nine years out of ten.

In about the same length of time as before, give your last plowing. This should be done lightly, running three furrows on either side of the peas; be sure to follow the plows this time with the hoes—drawing up fresh dirt to the corn, and cutting out every thing except corn and peas. By this mode of planting and culture, I have seldom failed to make corn and peas. As you discover, I am quite an advocate for the use of the coultor on stiff lands. Hoping that the Soil of the South may be the means of much improvement in agriculture in Georgia, I will trouble you no further at present.—Soil of the South.

Colic in Horses.

During the spring and summer, horses and mules are frequently subject to attacks of colic. From the several years' experience, I have found the following to be an infallible remedy: So soon as the animal shows signs of colic, put three ounces of laudanum in a quart of castor oil, mix it well, then drench with it; and nine times out of ten it will relieve the suffering and faithful animal. But should the attack be so severe as not to be relieved with this remedy, take a plug of common chewing tobacco, cut it in several places on each side, grease the hand and arm well, and insert it as an injection. In the mean time let two hands occasionally rub the animal under the belly, back and forwards, with a board or rail. I have a fine brood and work mare that is very subject to these attacks. In two instances, the latter alternative relieved her when the former failed, and that too when I had given her up to die. It is at least worth a trial.—Cor. of Soil of the South.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

The Power of Kindness.

"Tom! here!" said a father to his boy, speaking in authority. The lad was asleep. He looked towards his father, but did not leave his companions. "Do you hear me, sir? spoke the father more sternly than before. With an unhappy face and reluctant step, the boy left his play and approached his parent. "Why don't you creep along as a snail's pace?" said the father angrily. "Come quickly, when I want you. When I speak, I look to be obeyed instantly. Here, take this note to Mr. Smith, and see that you don't go to sleep by the way. Now run as fast as you can go." The boy took the note. There was a cloud upon his brow. He moved away, but at a slow pace. "You Tom! it is that going what I ordered! Is that going quickly? called the father, when he saw the boy creep away. "If you are not back in half an hour, I will punish you." But the words had but little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of the parent. He experienced a sense of injustice, a consciousness that wrong had been done him. By nature, he was like his father, proud and stubborn; and these qualities of his mind were aroused, and he indulged in them, fearless of consequences. "I never saw such a boy," said the father, speaking to a friend who had observed the occurrence. "My words scarcely make an impression upon him."

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"Kind words," continued the friend, "are like the gentle rain, and refreshing dew; but harsh words bend and break, like the angry tempest. They first develop and strengthen good affections, while the others sweep over the heart in devastation, and mar and deform all they touch. Try him with kind words; they will prove a hundred fold more powerful."

The father seemed hurt by the reproof, but it left him thoughtful. An hour passed away ere his son returned. At times during his absence he was angry at the delay, and meditated the infliction of punishment. But the words of remonstrance were in his ears, and he resolved to obey them. At last, the lad came slowly in, with a clouded countenance, and reported the result of his errand. Having stayed far beyond his time, he looked for punishment, and was prepared to receive it with an angry defiance. To his surprise, after delivering his message he had brought, his father, instead of angry reproof and punishment, said kindly.

"Very well, my son, you can go and play again!" The boy went out, but he was not happy. He had disobeyed and disobliged a father, and the thought of this troubled him.—Harsh words had not clouded his mind nor aroused a spirit of reckless anger. Instead of joining his companions, he went and set down by himself, grieving over disobedience. As he thus sat, he heard his name called. He listened.

"Thomas, my son," said his father, kindly. The boy sprang to his feet, and was almost instantly beside his father. "Did you call, father?" "I did my son. Will you take this package to Mr. Long for me?" There was no hesitation in the boy's manner. He looked pleased at the thought of doing his father a service, and reached his hand for the package. On reaching it, he bounded away with a light step.

"There is power in kindness," said the father, as he sat musing after the lad's departure. And, even while he musing sat over the incident, the boy came back, with a cheerful, happy face, and said— "Can I do anything else for you, father?"

Yes, there is power in kindness. The temper of passion can only subdue, constrain and break; but in love and gentleness there is the power of the summer rain, the dew of the sunshine.

FOR THE YOUNG.

A Sister's Value.

Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship, which render a brother so worthy and noble. Learn to appreciate her sweet influence, as portrayed in the following words: "He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath her enduring smile and love-beaming eyes, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at, if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood."

"That man has grown up among affectionate sisters." I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark. "And why do you think so?" said I. "Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart."

A sister's influence is felt in manhood's riper years; and the heart of him who has grown cold in chilly contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment as some accident awakens within him the soft tones, the glad melodies of his sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influence which moved him in earlier years.

A Bold Boy and a Coward.

Two boys were one day going home from school when on turning a corner of a street, the biggest of the two called out, "A fight! a fight! let us go and see." "No," said the other, "let us go home; we have nothing to do with the quarrel, and may get into mischief."

"You are a coward and afraid to go," said the other and off he ran. The youngest went straight home, and in the afternoon went to school as usual, when the boys laughed at him a great deal for not going to the fight. But he had learned that true courage was shown most in baring blame when it is not deserved, and that he ought to be afraid of nothing but sin.

A few days after, these boys were all bathing, when one of them got into deep water, and began to drown. The boys were all afraid to go near him, and got out of the water as fast as they could. The lad would very soon have been lost, had not the boy who would not go to the fight, had had been laughed at by them as a coward, just then come up. He at once threw off his clothes, and springing into the water, just reached the sinking boy in time, and by great effort brought him to shore. The other boys were all now much ashamed, and confessed he had more courage than any of them.

NOTICE.

All Persons indebted to Baskins & Copeland, for the services of the Stallion Rowers, by the insurance, season or otherwise, while kept by Wm. Connell, are hereby notified not to make payment to said Connell, as he has failed to keep the contract. He has made no return for the season, and legal payment can only be made to John T. Copeland and JAMES BASKINS, Lancaster Dist., Feb 12, 1852.

LANCASTER DIVISION, No. 30.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE. MEETS AT THE TEMPERANCE Hall every Saturday evening at 7-1-2 o'clock. R. S. CRECKETT, R. S.

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Mail Arrangements.

Camden Mail. DUE MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY, AT 8 o'clock, P. M. DEPARTS TUESDAY, THURSDAY, & SATURDAY, AT 7 o'clock, A. M.

Charlotte Mail. DUE MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY, AT 8 o'clock, P. M. DEPARTS TUESDAY, THURSDAY, & SATURDAY, AT 7 o'clock, A. M.

Concord Mail. DUE MONDAY, AT 6 P. M. DEPARTS FRIDAY, AT 6 A. M.

Windsor Mail. DUE SATURDAY, AT 6 P. M. DEPARTS THURSDAY, AT 4 P. M.

Chesterfield Mail. DUE WEDNESDAY, AT 5 P. M. DEPARTS SATURDAY, AT 11 A. M.

Chesterfield C. H. Mail. DUE SATURDAY, AT 10 A. M. DEPARTS THURSDAY, AT 4 A. M. All letters must be deposited by 8 o'clock P. M., to ensure their departure by next mail.

T. R. MAGILL, P. M.

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE.

APRIL 1, 1852. Adams, William. Bailey, W. K. Crawford, C. J. Clyburn, T. L. Crowder, Sallie. Caston, Samuel C. Dougless, J. B. Everet, A. B. Ervin, Miss Hannah M. Furber, A. B. R. Gibson, I. R. Harrah, Wm. Jaton, Jno. L. King, Jno. L. Marshall, John W. Massey, Thos. C. S. Mittag, J. F. G. 2. Mobbly, J. B. Nelson, Wm. Robeson, J. P. Small, Joseph Smith, Dr. Wm. Small, Monvay Miss Thornhill, Eliza (care Geo. Craig) Thilwell, Starling Wm. Dr. J. Williams, F. J. White, James, or Bleunt Jno Persons asking for Letters in the above list are requested to say "Advertised."

T. R. MAGILL, P. M.

HORSES & CARRIAGES.

To Hire.

THE Subscriber can accommodate those who wish to Hire with Horses and Buggies, or Carriages to any point they wish to go. Those in need of the above articles will please call at the Catawba House or at the Lancaster Grocery and Provision Store, where they can be accommodated at all times. Strangers arriving by stage can be sent to any point of the country they wish to go.

J. A. HASSELTINE, Feb 12

CATAWBA HOUSE,

On Main Street. A few rods South of the Court House. THE above named House has been much enlarged and put in thorough repair and furnished anew, and is now prepared to accommodate all those disposed to give it a call. The subscriber makes no boasts but will simply say that the Public shall be accommodated in a style not excelled by any House in the up country.

J. A. HASSELTINE, Feb 12

DOUBLE NUMBERS FOR 1852.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

FOR 1852!

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNION! The New Volume of this unrivaled and popular Monthly commenced with the January number—the handsomest number ever published. The well established character of Graham's Magazine, as the leading American Monthly, renders it unnecessary to set forth its merits in each recurring Prospectus. It has won its way, after years of success, to the front rank among its rivals, and is now universally conceded to be THE BEST AMERICAN MAGAZINE. DOUBLE NUMBERS FOR 1852. The reading matter of Graham's Magazine for this year will be about double that of former volumes, making a book unrivaled by any that has ever appeared in America or Europe. The very best American writers will continue to contribute to its pages, and the wide range of literature of the old world will also be brought to aid the worth and variety of the letter-press contents of the work.

G. P. R. JAMES.

The original novel written by this accomplished writer for "Commonsense" in the January number, and will be found to be one of the most entertaining of the many treasures by this universally popular author. SPLENDID AND COSTLY ENGRAVINGS. In the department of Art Graham's Magazine has always been celebrated. The excellence and beauty of its pictorial appointments far surpass the usual adornments of the Monthly Magazines. The very finest and most expensive efforts of the first artists of Europe and America grace the work. Every variety of subject and of style is found in perfection in "Graham" No indifferent or inferior designs mar its beauty but all that taste can suggest or capital command in the way of elegance is to be had in the early volumes of this Magazine. We beg our readers to take the twelve numbers of last year as a comparison with the same number of any current periodical, to test the vast superiority of Graham's Magazine in this respect.

The new volume opens in a style of elegance that must convince our friends that "Commonsense" is our motto for 1852, and that "Graham" will continue to be THE FAVORITE OF THE PUBLIC, both in its national and literary character, while the extraordinary increase of the amount of reading matter will insure it a still wider popularity. Single Copies 2 Dollars Two Copies \$3.50 Five Copies 10 Dollars Eight Copies 16 Dollars and Ten Copies for 20 Dollars and an extra copy to the person sending the club of ten subscribers. GEORGE R. GRAHAM, No. 124 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia Pa.

CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK!

Literary and Pictorial.

The Book of the Nation and Arts Union of America.

THE LADY'S BOOK is now in the twenty-second year of its publication by the same publisher—a fact unprecedented in the history of any American Magazine. Nothing but real worth in a publication could be the cause of so prolonged an existence, especially in the literary world, where everything is so evanescent. Hundreds of Magazines have been started, and after a short life, have departed—while the "Lady's Book" alone stands triumphant, a proud monument reared by the Ladies of America as a testimony of their own worth.

Many persons, who seek no further than our title, presume that the "Lady's Book" is intended merely for the amusement of a class, and that it does not enter into the discussion of those more important questions connected with the realities and the duties of life which every well-informed woman, mother and daughter, should be acquainted with. But such is not the fact. It is now, as it has ever been, our constant care to combine, in the page of the "Lady's Book" whatever is useful, dignified, and virtuous in sentiment, with whatever may afford rational and innocent amusement.

GODEY'S SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL. The publisher of the "Lady's Book" performs all his promises, and as some of our exchanges are kind enough to say, "more than he promises." Each number of the "Lady's Book" contains at least three engravings from steel plates, engraved by the best artists, either in Line, Stipple, or Mezzotint, and sometimes Four.

GODEY'S RELIABLE FASHION PLATES.

are published monthly, and are considered the only really valuable fashion plates that are published. They have been the standard for over twenty-one years. In addition to the above, every month selections from the following are given, with simple directions that all may understand: Undoubted Receipts, Model Cottages, Model Cottages Furniture, Patterns for Window Curtains, Music Crochet Work, Knitting, Netting, Patching, Crochet Floor Work, Hair Braiding, Ribbon Work, Chenille work, Lace Collar Work, Children's and Infant's Clothes, Caps, Chemises— in fine, everything that can interest a Lady will find its appropriate place in her own Book.

TERMS Cash in Advance, postage Paid, and no Deviation.

One copy, 1 year \$3
One copy, 2 years 5
Five copies, 1 year 10
One copy, 5 years 10
Eight copies, 1 year 15
Ten copies, 1 year 20
and one copy extra for a year to the person sending the club of ten.

No old subscriber will be received into a club until all arrearages are paid. Small notes of the different States are received at par for Godley's Lady's Book. Club subscribers will be sent to different towns.

Additions of one or more to clubs are received at club prices. Register your letters, when remitting, get your postmaster to write on the letter "Registered." The money will then come safely. Remember, we have no traveling agents, and all money must be sent to and postmaster making the request. We can always supply back numbers for the year, as the work is stereotyped.

Address L. A. GODEY, No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. March 17, 1852.

The Soil of the South for 1852.

IN May, 1850, a number of Planters living in Georgia and Alabama, met in Columbus, Ga., and formed themselves into an Agricultural Society. The advantages of such an association were at once apparent, and with the view to contribute as much as possible to agricultural improvement, it was determined, at a meeting of the Society in January, 1851, to establish an Agricultural Journal. As the result of that action, "THE SOIL OF THE SOUTH" made its appearance in the month of March last. It was hailed with universal approbation, and from that day to this, it has steadily and rapidly increased in circulation and public favor. At the recent great Fair in Macon, Ga., it was by a unanimous vote of the members recommended to the patronage of Southern Agriculturists, and elected to be the ORGAN OF THE SOUTHERN CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION. It will hereafter be published under the auspices of that association, and will be the medium of communicating officially, all intelligence pertaining to its interests and objects, by a resolution of the Executive Committee, the publisher is authorized to send a copy of the paper gratuitously to all Agricultural Societies in the South that will send their address to the office of publication.

The columns of "The Soil of the South" will be heretofore devoted to the discussion of all subjects pertaining to the interests of Agriculture and Horticulture, Domestic and Rural Economy. It is intended to make the paper essentially practical, and at the same time eminently progressive. Its character, embodying as far as possible, all that is valuable, as well in the practice as the science of Agriculture. In its instructions, it will be the constant aim of those who write for its columns, to adapt themselves to the peculiar climate, soils and crops of the South. In short, no effort and no reasonable expense will be spared, to make "The Soil of the South" a worthy and instructive Journal of Southern Agriculture.

TERMS.—The Soil of the South is published monthly, each number containing sixteen large and handsomely printed pages, and is furnished to subscribers promptly and regularly at the low price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM. Five copies will be sent 12 months for \$4. The money must in all cases accompany the names, or the paper will not be sent. All communications must be addressed (post paid) to the Publisher of the Soil of the South, Columbus, Ga.

JAMES M. CHAMBERS, Agricultural Editor. CHARLES A. PARODY, Horticultural Editor. WILLIAM S. CHAMBERS, Publisher.

IMPORTANT NATIONAL STATISTICS.

AGRICULTURE, POPULATION, AND MANUFACTURES.—The Report of J. G. G. Kennedy, Esq., the Superintendent of the Census is one of the most valuable documents of the day. It abounds with facts and figures on important subjects, derived from the most authentic sources. We present to notice some of the most interesting.

The Population of the Union.—Assuming the population of California to be 125,000, (which we do partly by estimate,) and adding that of Utah, estimated at 12,000, the total number of inhabitants in the United States was, on the 1st of June, 1850, 22,074,301. The absolute increase from the 1st of June, 1840, has been 5,173,548, and the percentage increase per cent. is 25.18. But it has been shown that the probable amount of population acquired by additions of territory should be deducted in making a comparison between the results of the present and last census. These reductions diminish the total population of the country, as a basis of comparison, to 22,074,301, and the increase to 5,070,371. The relative increase, after this allowance, is found to be 25.17 per cent. The aggregate number of whites in 1850 was 19,619,866, exhibiting a gain upon the number of the same class in 1840 of 5,428,371, and a relative increase of 39.29 per cent. But excluding the 163,000 free population supposed to have been acquired by the addition of territory since 1840, the gain is 5,370,371, and the increase per cent. is 27.14.

The Slaves.—The number of slaves by the present census, is 2,119,298, which shows an increase of 711,085, equal to 33.56 per cent. If we deduct 19,000 for the probable slave population of Texas in 1840, the result of the comparison will be slightly different. The absolute increase will be